

CHRISTMAS 1965

02

No. 24 XMAS 65 2/-



AUSTRALIA

"Who knows — one day he may grow up to be Prime Minister"

FORMAL

THERE ARE OCCASIONS
WHEN ONE MUST TOG-
ONESELF UP IN SOME GROUSE
GEAR, WHEN SUCH AN OCCASION
OCCURS I NEED LOOK NO FURTHER
THAN THAT SUPERIOR ESTABLISHMENT
FORMAL WEAR... AM
I RIGHT DOLLY?

YOU ARE ONLY TOO RIGHT GAS SWINGER... PERSONALLY
I WOULD NEVER GO ELSEWHERE... AND NOT A LOVELY
SITUATION... 147a KING ST. SYDNEY
PHONE: 28-0537... AND 26428
MARKET LANE MELBOURNE
PHONE: 32-4795... ISNT THAT
JUST TOO MUCH?

Write for further details and self-measuring
form to the above address.

All About OZ

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I have been rather ill for sometime now and the other day I became ill again after reading your magazine which my daughter had hidden in her basket and I can only hope that the Lord in his infinite mercy will forgive me for your infinite sin and dreadful perversion which no doubt have deceived many flowers of our youth by such things as the naked and erotic pictures of the young men performing as indecent as under the shower and if I had a bit more go in me I would come in and give you young perverts the fogging of your detached throats as I have whipped other young boys like you before who slunk along the street in their leather jackets and their other obscene clothes like cults of stars and long hair. I do not think you have the guts to let your noddies know how really I can take you up and put you down but you are a bunch of vile thieves I would like to see contrived and I would do it too.

Edward Ellice
(41 years better than you are)
66 Sandgate Avenue,
Bayside, N.S.W.
Sir,

ISM has banned the record *If You Gotta Go, Go Now* by Mashed Mase. No comment was made of this fact, but I have a suspicion now. It struck me that I had not heard the record for a while, and knowing the B.B.C. banned the song, a

while back, I posed ISM with the obvious question: After being put on to four people, some of whom would discuss the matter, I was finally told by the Programme Manager's secretary that: ISM wouldn't want to play anything that might have such words. The record will never be heard on the radio again, even if it reaches number one in the charts.

The offending verse in the song (written by Bob Dylan) would appear to be: Now I don't want to make you go. Anything you want goes before. It's just that I'd be sleeping now. But if you gotta go, go now. But if you gotta go, go now.

ISM's attitude is rather amusing, considering that they are at the moment so fervently playing a record about the advancement of a drug habit (Mott's *My Giddy Up the Rolling Stone*).

DAVID DARR,
Gauger, N.S.W.

"If You Gotta Go, Go Now" has been banned by every radio station in Sydney. It is felt before the police grab all the copies from record stores I am now completely enraged at this situation of radio censorship. Only ISM is a corrupt from my wrath — I phoned them and a girl with a very sexy voice said that they would play it if they could but the Federation of Commercial Broadcasting has forbidden all its members to play it.

OZ PICK-THE-SET COMP



Here's a great new game to test your powers of observation. Illustrated here are four great ladies accompanied by four sets of sets. All you have to do is match the set with the picture of the Great Lady you believe the set belongs to and you could win a subscription to OZ.

Just put the letter of the set in the square alongside the Great Lady and send your entry to OZ Magazine, 16 Hunter Street, Sydney. Entry fee is 24/- if you want to win a one year subscription or 42/- if you want to win a two year subscription.

OZ: Pick the Set Competition,
OZ Publications,
16 Hunter Street, Sydney.

NAME:

ADDRESS:

Now with my entry fee

November 11: Rhodesia's Declaration of Independence. Throughout the crisis, the P.M. has managed to reach admirably his inner realist.

Between, on the other hand, his serious and never concealed doubts for the colored folk, reflected in Australia's attitude to South Africa and fortified by the report of his old pal Sir Frank Packer (of the Telegraph's November 17 editorial) "The Prime Minister speaks for all good Australians: but what when he displayed sympathy and compassion for the production of his Joe Smith, of Rhodesia?"

Yet, on the other hand, he has been so successfully wooed by Wilson, ever since the Commonwealth Conference, that it is more than his age could bear to bark with his anti-social and highly antithetical Whitliff pal.

Of course, the Queen's personalism clouded it, and presumably the other endorsement of the Africans — Bob is really pulling his weight and asking for all the world as though he has never heard of White Australia.

This little dog barks and howls in behalf of the Jews as the rest of the world could be Vainona Friday — or Friday.

November 15: A 54 year old Scottish scholar, well-known for his modern interpretation of the New Testament and some 300 commentaries on Biblical history, has just published in Britain a book which should really go over well here if it ever arrives. It is "The Passover Plot" by Dr Hugh Schonfield.

Dr Schonfield suggests that Jesus, believing himself to be the promised Messiah, schemed throughout his life to monopolize people to the Old Testament prophecies would be fulfilled. The vinegar poured to Jesus on a sponge was really a drug passed by an accomplice, enabling him to simulate death.

The linen and spices used to wrap his body acted as dressings for his injuries. Real Christians will not have to read the book to be able to consider satisfactory Letters to the Editor condemning this book.

Wizards of US8

November 20: The "New Herald" quoted a long snarl by a Reader correspondence published in The Washington Post under the heading "Spooky lights light glow in world of stars."

Simple.

"Is odd?" Houses of perversion have declined in recent years, according to reports, but there is one odd, brilliant on Riverside Road which announces delights which "we dare not offer to beginners."

Which would kind of London.

There are establishments in Kivritelli and Baywater Road which offer delights we dare not recommend to beginners.

02, October

GET TYNANED

COPULATION: Where the population is raped by its own police force. The Commissioner is trying to stamp out such interesting between constabulary and citizens.

The following suggestions of R. C. Rosenfeld, in Melbourne, "The last literary complete book announced two hours ago and 25."

Freedom during patrol, power, power, power. In this short novel, his really new, of an something out of the box for a chapter, he really joined in brother that means as Gullible.

That, as across it is the peace (almost) illustration for truly plugging the pretty side of war. "An Engler's message, thinking, suggests both the genius of John (compared to "army") and shimmering in his blood, giving in some way to his common place, but it's the blood of CHERBERT and you get something at the prospect of it all, something so new as a rich and real like Warburton's.

"He could not, for, others will" — reveals the potential danger of a shocking death who destroyed previous glory in the front line himself and "tyranny hounded" the presence of a truly hounded tyrant.

The old "wounds and shadows" down contrast strongly with "the glorious day and the human little give." Despite violence demands too, in the chaotic matrix, of the next line. "Stop — that 'out', down. Menace gets his chosen, two-hundredth power, and he must have found even through "Rosenfeld" odd, here.

"He was" as a ultimately happy, almost by short ending — so mostly impatient it had on being odd. "What? Where?" all over the R.C. chair.

—Paul Vernon Roberts

STRIP CLUBS SHOCK

Melbourne may not be Robinson Crusoe



IN AN UNUSUAL TESTIMONY, MR. ELOONG G.M. (ABOVE) SAID "MY REPUTATION IS CALLED EXCLUSIVELY FROM THE COMBINED UNIVERSITY STUDENTS."

HE THIS IS PIONEER FOR THE DEBATES (SEND TO THE EDITOR, UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES) REMINDING US HOW IMPORTANT TO SOCIETIES THROUGH UNIVERSITY UNION.

NOW I CREATED THE SHRIMP CONTROVERSY

THE EDITOR HAD TOLD ME GET A PHOTO OF THIS SUBMISSION GIRL IN A SHIRT BIKINI. I WENT TO THE PARKING AND WHEN SHE GOT OFF THE PLANE I DIDN'T REMEMBER HER BEHIND HER PRESS WANT ALL THAT STREET.

BUT A JOB A JOB SO I RAN-D HUNDRED

FILED IN THE CLOSET

ROSE OVER

AND GET THE FETTERING "NO!"



On Saturday night, Mum, Dad, my girlfriend and myself went to SYDNEY'S THIRD INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR and really had a good time. We left home and luckily there was no sign of rain because we had "open seating" to see THE PAGEANT OF ASIA SPECTACULAR at 7 o'clock the same evening. We got off the 395 bus which had taken us as far as Moore Park, squeezed through the turnstile and found ourselves in the midst of THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR.

The first thing we saw was the historic animal Embassy. We couldn't understand why GERMANY had so many big machines on show. "After all," Mum said, "we're not interested in big machines." My girlfriend and myself agreed but Dad pointed out that they showed how Germans were rearing up and added that the rest of the world should learn the danger signs. My girlfriend and myself agreed. Actually, the exhibitors that caught our eyes in this pavilion were the Dancing Troupes. These were Australian, and we all felt were they could hold their own anywhere in the world. My girlfriend walked in one of them but wouldn't tell me what she walked for. We also looked at ISRAEL, GREECE, ROMANIA, POLAND and PAKISTAN as well and thought they all put up a fine show, seeing they are all Communists dominated.

Dad then reminded us that we had to see the German Woodchopper. At the ROYAL EASTER this is always my favorite spectacle so I was looking forward with anticipation to compare our boys with a woodchopper.

What a disappointment this turned out to be! Full of hope, I walked to see the German CARPENTER carving a statue of OUR LADY. Not that I'm against one and cranks and you, but I was looking forward to seeing some woodchopping. We left there in a hurry because, on top of this let-down, they weren't giving out any pamphlets, and we all felt you can take a bit of the setting home with you if you collect pamphlets.

We then "travelled" through INDIA, HONG KONG, THAILAND, CHINA, AUSTRIA and FREE CHINA but didn't see much of interest and besides you couldn't help feeling they were putting their best feet forward to try and impress us. We all met, well, rather we split, like a really like in these underprivileged countries.

Just about now we started to feel the excitement working up inside of us. THE PAGEANT OF ASIA SPECTACULAR was close to commencing presently.

We all bought a pie and an orange drink, queued up and were soon seated. Sitting there waiting for the commencing, I

thought over what I had seen. I had learnt a lot and widened my outlook.

I also marvelled at the wonderful map of Asia lying on there in front of us in the showground. The craftsmanship in this alone showed that Australia can really turn it on" when it comes to putting on a show that neither myself or my girlfriend could see why Australia was excluded in a map of Asia.

There were four big film screens around the ground showing slides of the various countries respectively. We all thought that it must have taken a clever mind to think up something like that and we all liked the idea because the pictures resembled us of the travel time we like so much.

Indonesian film, a dog of light sprang up around INDONESIA, and we saw real AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES doing one of their folk dances and wearing their traditional costume. They certainly looked better than any I've seen in Sydney and it made me realize that the aborigines should be left in the bush where they belong. Then came a CAMBODIAN girl singing a song standing on a cross, I saw then it was truly going to be a spectacle.

After Cambodia came PARFAYAN but they couldn't be there because of the trouble and so some Aussie boys from movie DENHUGHEN showed us that they were very fit as good as the originals. Indeed the Aussie boys from Denhughen were, perhaps, a little better than the rest that.

CEYLON's turn was next and they were certainly clever with their hands when they played the BONGO DRUMS. My girlfriend pointed out that their skill probably came from picking up livers. Dad laughed and added "The ones that please are Ceylonese" and we all laughed after that.

Until now, Dad had been enjoying all of the PAGEANT OF ASIA SPECTACULAR but he happened to look beside him and see there was a real ASIAN sitting right next to him. This was too much for Dad he had to leave soon after.

As he said when we got home "It's alright then but there's something but it's a different thing when they start sitting

next to you." "Some people have their memories," he said, and we all agreed (Dad doesn't forget things very).

After Dad left us we saw a fireworks display from HONG KONG with an exciting Dragon parade which let us know just what good "looking the winner" to the Asian peoples.

JAPAN's contribution to the "SPECTACLE" was a lot down for me at first. All they sent over to represent their country was a girl night rope walker and I personally thought that seeing they sell so many of their toys, cameras and cars to Australia, they could have afforded a more impressive rope.

After this, the next set to impress me was the King Elephant Parade from INDIA. The Indians couldn't come either (I got the idea it had something to do with Pakistan) but their Ceylon "counter" stood in for them and we didn't really sell the difference.

It was a moving spectacle but even with all its majesty I couldn't help thinking one of our own elephants from BULLEN'S CIRCUS could have done just as well.

Then there came the PHILIPPINE dancers who danced in and out of kamies sticks which were bang bang together. The headpiece and they were wearing birds and we passed in as the whole crowd applauded their rattle beat. Mother said she was sorry Dad wasn't there to see them because he had always been tight on his feet.

At last came the THAILAND Royal Barge. Myself and my girlfriend had been looking forward to seeing this all week because her mother breathes because it was a truly beautiful sight full of Asian pretending to run it around the showground.

Someone imaginative could almost imagine Bud Roper sitting there like he did in the film but we were disappointed to learn that it was only a model and not really the Thailand Royal Barge.

NEW ZEALAND came next but the Maori looked pretty fit so we decided to leave early and avoid the rush. On the way out we met Dad who had almost missed by now and we all managed to get a wave on the 395 bus back home, changing at Central.

After Dad had paid the fare we walked about what we'd seen and all agreed we had learnt a lot. This discussion made the bus trip seem very short and we all finally arrived home tired but happy.

KEITH JOHNSON



Christmas is upon us again with its usual scuffed collection of sloppy, sentimental cards and useless, totally unimaginative presents. However, by following this advice you can at least make one aspect of this year's holy season worth looking forward to.

● Pick out all the people you can't stand. Send them a card. They'll either thank you're a two-faced bastard or not such a bad fellow after all. Either way it doesn't matter. Next time you see them—snub them! Keep the scurgen gawking till next year.

● Think of a few people you haven't exchanged cards with for a couple of years and post them one two days before Christmas. You'll probably get a new year's card but just ignore it. Snub them when you see them, too. They'll probably ask you around for drinks. Always have another engagement.

● Pick out people whom you know and just happen to be of a different social standing to you. Send them perfectly normal cards with perfectly normal messages, but sign them "from John and Twente, the badge." Make sure these are sent early—they'll feel obliged to send you one in return and to humour you will most likely sign it "from Mr. and Mrs. Van Dratt and Freddy, the gold fish." Then you show the card to all your friends who start to wonder how people as childish as the Van Dratts managed to climb as high as they did on the social ladder.



Stylized text: Sydney's "SUN" November 2 - Early & Late Editions

Sydney's "SUN"
November 2 - Early &
Late Editions



With summer on the way, kiddies' learn-to-swim classes have begun all over Australia. And who better than happy instructor H. Holt (left) to demonstrate that swimming is child's play.

Harold must take care that tiny air-bubbles don't cause the "bends" so he wears this special anti-inflation suit whenever he dives deep into those troubled waters he knows so well.

"It's sink or swim," said Harold as he sank. But no need to worry. Harold is happiest when he's out of his depth (which is most of the time) because then he can just sit on his favourite bottom and let problems go over his head.

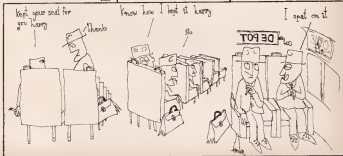
Harold's services are much in demand and he has just promised to teach the new South African ambassador to skin-dive. "This proves that I'm not colour-conscious," said Harold and friends agreed that where colour was concerned, Harold had no conscience at all.

But some races interest him more than others and he confided that in one of at least he hoped to end up as leader. "A curious race!" I said when Harold explained that his training consisted of smoking cigars, drinking all the brandy he could and then vomiting as accurately as he could over anyone standing in his way.

Apparently these are the training methods of the retiring champion and he has won for twenty years running (or vomiting).

-C.S.

-D.L.





MRS CALWELL'S DIARY

Dear Diary,

Well what a month I've had here at 55 Russell Street! Arthur has been so busy that the lawns have suffered badly and our garden has been pruned.

Savage in the House always tries him and when he does get home it's all he can do to get up the front steps and then to the chaise longue. Poor dear! he has to be on his feet all the time, what with Sir Robert in Jan, and Gough at his back. But, when I am in the door he's never too tired to let his mouth slide sideways into his own pocket neck and I know he's pleased to be home.

Some nights he's so exhausted that he dreams remember to shut the garage door and all the back windows have up to his nose. When he comes home like this all he wants is a hot Harlicks and to flip out his head so even then I don't get a chance for a good talk. Or anything else.

It was so nice to have him home for Day weekend, but even then he was terribly busy. On Saturday morning we took Gough away from him. Mary drove the car to do the holiday shopping. Arthur was so busy to visit the office and then prepare for an important meeting so we spent quickly and we spent off in the Pines. From our surprise when we returned to

find a traffic policeman leaning on Arthur. Arthur, of course, introduced himself but the fellow kept on writing so Arthur had to write out a writ for \$100,000 damages there and then before you could say tick of Capital. He said that he, several in high places and that his was a "moving hand" that having not moved on. The policeman said to him: "This was a blow for Arthur's credit, wasn't it? The money for the law. 'Well' says that, more than enough," he said. I wonder what he means.

When I asked Arthur was just writing his plan when that dreadful Victoria Emergency arrived. Made he arranged the dinner, I dashed about with the arrangements and options. I was glad Arthur had a clear conscience, even if the others were wearing blue singles.

It was a very late night but I stayed after moving the car and saw that the truck was up early next morning work, we only as last look. This project is well up now, but someone is bringing out a whole series of books of the worst types of various people. I've seen 'The Win of Peace Policy' by Robert, at night and Arthur at hand on work on 'The Win of A. A. Calwell'. Though he is by no means a stranger to grief, Arthur is taking the book very seriously and I'll take his modern will do the same. He goes through our bound Harlicks volumes (some still in the Combined Book) marking the bits in his speeches that are especially funny. Until I looked, I didn't realize that Arthur had so many "loud laughter", "loud cheer", or "prolonged laughter and applause" and often on the most serious occasions.

After a rest, we went out "pleasant Sunday afternoon" at home and let the last time in weeks we had a good talk. Arthur does have his problems with the Party but as he said, "We all have our cross to bear." I asked him about taking Gough and he agreed with me that he was a worry. "Well Elizabeth," he said, "we all have our double cross to bear and laughter so much he had to wipe the tears from his face. I suggested he put that on the book."

But one happens was not to last long. Talking into the news we heard of Old Bess and passing. Although he and Arthur were not always the best of friends the funeral was held with him. Arthur, humming softly, bowed a pencil and prepared his lecture ceremony for The Australian. It was lovely the way he arranged the position and ignored all those little disagreements and infighting afterwards. I hope that Arthur too will be called on, although great Australia when he dies.

Then after a late bed through the Fraser Street brochure Arthur put out the tea and so to bed.

Give her a diploma

Give her anything

But take her to



3 Frey Road, Wollakia

32 4815

for reservations

**Help take the Christ out of Christmas
with hilarious Xmas cards by Martin
Sharp beautifully printed in full colour
on glossy art paper. Cost? Paltry at
ten shillings for six, post free!**



Mirror
XMAS
SHOCK!
FIEND
FLOGS
REINDEER



Please send me 6 assorted, different
Xmas cards by Martin Sharp (with
envelopes) by return post
I enclose 10/- for each set

Name:

Address:

State:

Rush coupon to Gildrose Cards, Box 87, Sydney Mail Exchange

by
ANTHONY RIGHTON



Although OZ encourages suitable contributions, most of them are, also, unsuitable. Occasionally, however, a manuscript of outstanding quality, such as "The Unholy Grail".

Since its length made it entirely unsuitable for OZ, we have added extra pages in the conviction that you will be as excited as we were by this witty, clever allegory.

Consider the ad pages of the glossy magazines. There, in soft-focus backgrounds is to be found a certain breed of man. He admires twin sets. Acetabular suits. Or — and very Americanised this — wall-whistles his approval of a classic dress. His presence lends tone to the ad and at the same time suggests that the clothing advertised will increase the buyer's desirability.

His suit is dark, his cut verging retroactively towards the Edwardian. He wears a multi-coloured vest, sports a cane, carries brief-case and umbrella. He is almost too immaculate. But for all his sartorial perfection he is very much a man's man. Which is to be expected since he is the creative exec's own creature.

Such was Sebastian as he walked along Oxford Street one December morning. In addition to moustache and briefcase, however, he carried a parcel gilt-wrapped in Christmas trimmings. In the parcel, in tissue paper, cellophane and cardboard box, secured by Sellotape was, as Sebastian was convinced, the Holy Grail.

Search, and search, have searched for the Holy Grail and volumes have been written on their quests. Some men have seen it and the vision was the climax of their lives. Throughout the centuries the Grail has been the symbol of unattainable perfection.

Sebastian had bought his Grail at the comic counter of a Regent Street store for £1/5/11.

He walked for a block in the traffic and began to cross the road.

From the distance the forest had given no indication that it would be other than that which he might expect. But now that he had reached it Sebastian realised that it was no more a real forest than a photograph of a bush is a real bush. The grass was artificial. The trees were two dimensional, lapped short some ten feet from the ground, and their leaves were green plastic. Even the sky above was only blue paper electrically illuminated. It was a department store window house.

It was noon when he entered the forest and once in the forest, Sebastian, the Fella, kept on walking. Lured he began to think that either the forest was much larger than he had at first anticipated, or that he was travelling in a circle. Sebastian stopped, laid his briefcase, umbrella and parcel on the ground and sat down. He removed his bowler, knocking it once or twice with the

palm of his hand and then placed it behind him. He lit a cigarette. He noticed

- a) that he was late,
 - b) as an unimpeachable bullet-proof breast,
 - c) while taking himself from the office,
 - d) and that he hadn't the faintest idea of how he had got there.
- From a trough some distance away a paper-stained cat viewed his bewilderment with indifferently eyes.

There was a sudden burst of assembly laughter. "Allow me —," chuckled a jovial voice.

Schuster saw a gleaming, but well-mannered masculine head, a shadowy vest disappearing into a Swedish style button-down shirt, and the beginnings of a dark pea-coat sleeve. The hand confirmed itself to be shaken. Much against his better judgment Schuster clasped the hand and was relieved to find that it felt as natural as an appendage was an arm.

"In explain," concluded the voice.

"I'm rather," Schuster replied, wondering at his late arrival, "here the explanation from a complete man. Not that as explain, two under any circumstances will be most welcome," he added tentatively, "if you are unable to remember better."

The hand removed a cigar from between lips and slowly faded into nothingness.

"Durn!" exclaimed the voice.

Schuster watched the hand return. Then the other head followed by a foot. The rest of the body came in a short moment like the picture a sparse people makes as the pieces are assembled.

Schuster found himself regarding an especially dressed, middle-aged gentleman.

"My name," said the gentleman, "is Legos."

Schuster accepted a cigar and, following the other's example sat down on the paper mat. Mr. Legos unbuttoned the golden grip from his case and poured two large measures of whisky into glasses, which he handed from this air. Soda, from an ash-tray tray followed. The whisky, Schuster realized glancing appreciatively, was just what he needed.

"Nice glad you're got there," began Mr. Legos cheerfully.

"It's more than a girl," Schuster replied quickly, without wondering how Mr. Legos knew the contents of his parcel. "It's the Grail," emphasizing the obvious article.

"Will these you?" he began unbuttoning his parcel. "I brought it for Verity. Does my father," he added, "as it is removed the final tissue paper? Isn't it beautiful?"

"Beauty," Mr. Legos answered, somehow making his following words sound as if it were an expression.

"It's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen," he said.

"What do I see?" Schuster exclaimed.

"Why, a two-headed silver chalice, intricately carved, studded with precious stones. And was picked up that Mr. Legos apparently found the working on the best of mere interest than his disapproval of its contents."

"Is this thing a symbol of anything?" Mr. Legos asked, "a sort of an embracing symbol of something for a man, all embracing you?"

The mouth at the chalice was closed with two, wreath-like ophiophanes, and inside were rails and shafts, pen and quiverous packages. Schuster was just able to read part of the label — a small, illegible script. "a... remaining person. With as in it... a promise to him is..."

Schuster thought of his, And Verity. And then of Verity. And she. It seemed it a pleasing combination.

"Here," and Mr. Legos, passing him the cup. "You'd better wrap up your good girl."

Schuster, entering the house in which his Legos presented the word "grail" thought

Mysteriously: What does he expect? A written declaration from Jesus Christ in person, witnessed by the twelve apostles that this is the Grail? "What about the explanation?" he asked in a first-mover mood to be tried with voice.

Mr. Legos examined the lengthening web on his fingers and pointed to the middle finger. "Explanations can wait," he said. "But time, tide, and attractive young women wait for no man."

Schuster glanced in the direction indicated. "Verity!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet.

"The fastest of whom you spoke, I presume," Mr. Legos queried.

"Yes," Schuster replied, bending down and taking his presence under the lower lip.

"In which case I shall leave you," said Mr. Legos benevolently, adding, "Two is a quantity at a lover's meeting."

Schuster, running forward to meet Verity, scarcely heard Mr. Legos' parting words. "Daring!" he kissed his daughter. "But what on earth are you doing here?"

"What on earth," Verity asked, "are you doing here?"

They walked back to the tree where Schuster had been sitting with Mr. Legos. The area, which had been artificially an retreat, was now an extraordinary lounge, but lacking leg rest and two walls.

Schuster and Verity stood hand in hand

him think less of the stupor of the past few hours—which he had intended to discuss—and more of the immediate future. He kissed her. He remembered the Japanese perfume bottle in his Grail, and the window in the room where he had seen it. And a promise to him is... "His hands, which began by stroking her hair came, by way of forehead, cheek, and neck to rest on her breast. Schuster's hands were so strange to his father's doctored breast, but further than that they had not been able to touch it. But now, his hands, unimpeded found their way beneath jumper and blouse. Instantly, his right hand, strong of the naked nipple swollen between his fingers, dragged inward. Verity, eyes closed, lay motionless while Schuster's hands explored her body.

Verity drew away from Schuster, stood up, and began to undress. She pulled her jumper over her head. She let skirt and slip fall to the ground. Schuster realized that she smiled in a way he had never seen her smile before. He asked one that the real woman responded very unobtrusively with a smile on her forehead. "I am not a mother. Her face was wrinkled. His smile was asymmetrical, and had left his expression as he lay back. Her smoking white slipped loosely between each individual finger. As the unbuttoned bra lay behind his back he realized that her arms were neither as smooth nor as carefully hidden as the simple of a woman modeling deplorable costume.

He had never anticipated such superior taste.

Verity, asked, took back onto the dress. "Isn't wearing too many clothes, my darling?"

Schuster, embarrassed not by his father's total nudity and the all too obvious demonstration of her charms, but by the fact that, despite himself, he found her suddenly physically repulsive, let himself begin to sweat. He stood facing her, for what seemed to him an eternity, endeavoring to find some excuse for his original lack of interest. Then, searching like a character in a cheap novelette, and knowing that he wanted like a character in a cheap novelette. "Not now. Don't let's spoil it. When we're together her sleep..." only to find that he was speaking to Mr. Legos. And that Verity had vanished.

"I," and Mr. Legos, "have just got you out of a fix. An awkward fix. A very awkward fix." He examined his sign and repaired to it with a swift stick. "Never," he remarked occasionally, "see men on the street." His tone of voice changed. "You are a complete and utter fool. You refuse a beautiful woman merely because the last is present as the faded, leached-up, washed-out photograph of carefully posed professional models."

Schuster lost his temper. "And whose fault is all feminine perversion is there is not from every girl, every magazine I see smoothly modeled. How long does it take every girl in America under your scrutiny for me on T.V. screen?" Schuster was shocked to find himself in tears.

"But I do love her," he whispered.

Mr. Legos rubbed his hands. "Capital," he said. "Capital. This was your help?"

"I want Verity," Schuster replied. "And I want myself."

"You," said Mr. Legos, "are going to have a long, hard fight." And like the Cheshire Cat, Mr. Legos faded slowly away, leaving only the aroma of his expensive Havana.

Faded, too, the comfortable lounge. The Japanese brazier, the lamp. The glass support. The ornate, roomy brown. The two chairs in their shadow-box frames. The contemporary Swedish furniture. The trivial



in what would have been the door had there been a wall in which to place it, and stared in amazement at the large, picture-window draped with Japanese bamboo curtains, at the dull-colored viewmaster room-bureau against the rough-brick wall, at the two abstract in shadow-box frames, at the unassuming Swedish furniture, at the television screen, and at the stereophonic, variable speed record player.

"Hiccup!" brushed Verity. "We like an article from *Margot's* *Beauty*."

"Hiccup!" agreed Schuster, with the mental reservation that he would play merry hell with someone at something if Verity's presence were missing. "It's like an article from *Flower and Garden*."

Verity closed the room and set down the loaded record. "Everything," she said appreciatively, "is so right."

Schuster, exploring the edited cabinet back into a knee-piece wall discovered a comprehensive range of wines and spirits he tried and poured two drinks. The record on the turntable, he ordered, was entitled "Music for Selection: One Hour of Decaying Reverse."

He pressed the button and a muted *Pia* on floor crossed the room.

Schuster passed Verity a martini and set down bottle for her. His assistant was making a remarkable hit. Verity's own relaxing posture and the flow of Schuster's her figure beneath an erlenmeyer made

them to the Carlin.

"What," Mr. Logan asked himself, as he watched the patient quaver, "is one seeing in mystery?"

On the far side of the clearing, shrouded by overhanging branches above, a somber garden whose silence was laid in heavy folds to a sickly unconsidered carpet. From the top of its under and gilt statue rode a peasant flattered heavily. In front and to one side of the path on a knoll in full armor sat upon a monstrous chair. Its feet his right arm was raised. Behind and on his left forearm he cradled a child. His coat of arms was an eye open and staring, under, under a slightly calloused nose. The motto was NO ONE PASSES WITHOUT BUYING. Tassefully unobtruded on his mouth, in GUESS Ulla said. Condemned was his name for Point de Sade.

"Hold!" the knight commanded, his voice laid behind the veiled canopy. "He is here or highborn, or of noble, I mean needs engage you." He asked his name until he pointed directly at Sebastian, sprang his mount to a hammering gallop, and charged across the clearing.

"What on earth," Sebastian asked himself, "do I do now?"

"Let him say I have it," Amanda replied in a well-chosen the way-out-wanted-it time of noon, in a twenty you'd take any advantage would-over-happened need of noon.

"Have what?"

"Whatever he is asking of me," Sebastian said. He had never known the clearing and Sebastian noted with apprehension that he showed no sign of stopping. He was just about to shout that he would buy, which seemed an unreflexed defense against a something an opponent, when he noticed a ghostly but well-dressed figure, a slender figure was disappearing into a Swedish style house (his wife), and the beginning of a dark peninsula above. The hand world of a sword. And the sword, after having inscribed a rapid arc as that air, neatly heeded the charging knight. Sir Peter's head was in the right, his hand to the left, and the riderless horse stopped and began cropping the dunes, that of the hand, or the sword, there was now no sign.

Sebastian stared at the dismounted knight. And then at Amanda. He noticed a man run from behind the pavilion; a wroth, ill-dressed character dressed in a colorful suit, rode about, and a floppy hat.

"Wroth, Manly," Sebastian said. "You might as well say Oswald with more wit. That's all I can say. Oh, I am so clever!"

"Sir Peter," Amanda observed, "was at least fifteen yards away from us. He looked at the fallen knight. 'A clean cut, fast,' she whispered, 'and Sebastian was correct.'"

Paul extended Sir Peter. His gleam shifted unceasingly across the clearing. Sebastian, following Paul's example, looked about him. Half crouched behind the nearest tree he saw a beckoning Mr. Logan. Leaving Amanda at his back, he started up, and he walked towards Mr. Logan.

Mr. Logan laid his finger across his lips. "Such," he cautioned. He led Sebastian further into the house. "I don't think they'll hear us now," he said.

"Thank you," began Sebastian.

"Thank you," Mr. Logan looked at Sebastian cynically. "You haven't really got the idea yet, have you?" he said. He passed Sebastian as one past a pet dog. "Never mind. You will, now run along and have a look, a good long look at that terrible knight, Sir Point de Sade."

As Sebastian walked towards Amanda he saw with disgust, that Paul was stooping to position Sir Peter's head upon his shoulder. His revelation turned to nothing as he realized that Sir Peter was at

artificial, as synthetic as anything else in the forest. He began to laugh and his laughter echoed and re-echoed through the passageway there. "And to think—" Sebastian began, "that she was dead." He smiled and said, "and to think that I was imprisoned by a cardboard knight in cardboard armor," but his laughter prevented him from leaving the words.

"And to think what?" Amanda demanded. But the tone of voice contained Sebastian that she was angry. "You mean," he said, "Manly, darling," he said, "he is absolute sure and I wish me my eye from the party."

Sebastian began to laugh again. He picked up his pistol, jammed his bowler firmly on his head, and he bowed to Sebastian. "I'm really glad to see you," he said, "and I'm really glad to see you." "Manly, darling," he said, "he is absolute sure and I wish me my eye from the party."

"All right, Sebastian," Amanda observed. "You're very pleased with yourself just now, but you can't tell the Woods and Phrasno yet at all."

On through the house, following a narrow path Sebastian dragged a reluctant Amanda. "There's no need to be quite so rough," Amanda objected at last, she shook herself free of Sebastian's grip and began to walk beside him.

Sebastian began to laugh again. "A cardboard knight! The best you could bring against me was a cardboard knight!"

"No," Amanda objected. "Not the best. Only the flat. Some or later you'll scream for mercy. And you'll finish up in a daisy garden with all the others," she laid a hand on his arm. "Sebastian, let me take you to the Castle now."

But Sebastian, still laughing, hardly heard her.

A grey, unassuming something, nothing like the path detached itself from the shadows.

"Come," said the blood, wrapping its invisible affectionately around Sebastian.

"Kingsley Oh, I'm a lovely word. Think of all my pleasant associations. Fit for a king. That's the first and the most important of superior quality now, because of course King only see the best. And large, however I feel I mean large. Which seems essential - everyone knows it. Chaper to buy in both Kingsley, the Ward stepped in unobtrusively, "Well, I'm as good as a By-Right-Appointment now as any advertisement."

"Herd! Let me get at least three more, Kingsley," shouted a Phrasno following its way to Sebastian. "Large, large, large," the Phrasno belched in Sebastian's ear at the same time wringing two sentences round him. "Nothing negative or vicious about me," it continued as clipped, military tones, "say what I mean and mean what I say. I'm a good, solid, down-to-earth, hardworking fellow. And I do my job make you buy the larger shirt."

"Gland!"

"Jambol!"

"Mugmum!"

"Mugmum!"

The Woods and Phrasno hurried themselves at Sebastian carrying him to the ground and all shouting, shouting, shouting.

It was incredible. He was unable to think. The Woods and Phrasno now at his mind and borrowed into his brain. Then, from under the Woods and Phrasno, from outside the Woods and Phrasno Sebastian saw the road leading to the Castle. Oh, for the king's peace and quiet of his own personal, accurate-type darkness, he thought. He had only to wait. To come straggling.

"Kingsley," he heard himself saying. "Kingsley. If it means anything it means the same size as a king. But which king?"

Little Louis had shown, who was as small as he were high back to increase his stature -

He left Kingsley slip from his mind.

"Froxy," he began to quaver from the corner of his eye. "Froxy, Froxy, Froxy, of course it was a necessity. Political Economy of production is distribution of wealth."

Large economy, however, followed Kingsley back into the forest.

The road had begun. One by one the Woods and Phrasno slipped from him like playful from unschooled boulders and disappeared.

"Seamus!" Sebastian shouted after them. "You're all nonsense!"

Once again Sebastian and Amanda were alone in the forest and the road to the Castle had vanished.

Sebastian straightened his tie, picked up his bowler hat and the parcel he had dropped in the trap, and looked at Amanda.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well what?" replied Amanda crossly.

"You said I'd never get past the Woods and Phrasno."

Amanda shrugged her shoulders and the two pouches both jingled melodiously. She laughed. "That," she said, "was only a preliminary remark. If you think you've beaten the Woods and Phrasno - you'll never beat the Woods and Phrasno. Not as long as you live. They'll always be waiting for you. Waiting to slip under your guard. Whenever you pick up a parcel. Whenever you watch T.E. Whenever you listen to the radio."

Despite himself, Sebastian chuckled as he realized the truth of Amanda's words. His glasses, too, were in his shoulder.

"Why don't you give up?" Amanda asked. "Oh, I know you best for Point de Sade."

"Oh," she added quickly. "It won't be fair to say that. And for the moment you've beaten the Woods and Phrasno. But only for the moment. And there are so many more. And ever if you don't stop them, they'll drop to a whisper and Sebastian had the impression that had he been a Catholic she would have crossed herself. "Always the druggist. And with him you'll never know whether you've won or lost."

"The druggist?" queried Sebastian.

"You'll find out soon enough," Amanda answered.

Sebastian sat down on the paper turf. He disposed his hat, his briefcase, and his parcel carefully to one side. On some thought he overrode the parcel and laid the Great on the ground. Was it his imagination, he wondered, or had the stones lost some of their hidden fire? He looked again at the small bilgeon-style bottle bolt hidden by the Great's other phials and jars. "... something phrasno. Which is it? And a promise to him is it..."

Sebastian thought, as he had thought before, of one or the other. And of Verity. And his conclusion was for no reason as pleasing as he had first found it. The picture of an uncomparably all too imperfect Verity was still fresh in his mind.

"Phrasno speaking," said a voice behind him. "I think Logan played you a pretty dirty trick."

Sebastian started to his feet and Amanda, despite her suitable lack of clothing, dropped into a full crouching, head deliberately bowed.

The speaker was tall, dark, evidently almost. He was, as Mr. Logan had been, was impressively dressed, but whereas the latter's appearance had spoken of fertile raw and of resources, now wider who, in all probability, had once been his baronet, the speaker's appearance suggested a New York tailor and a conventional non-ferment. The stranger

The Unholy Grail

were, spotted a heavy diamond ring, dis-
creet affidavits, a diamond telegi.

"Introduce us, please, Amanda."

"Sebastian Mr. Apollon Cut," he bowed

and returned once, "Agency's Senior Execu-

tive."

Mr. Apollon extended a bejeweled hand.

"A pretty dirty trick," Mr. Apollon re-

peated. "Your business had simply no idea

that morning of what was to happen this

afternoon. That was Luger's idea. He wanted

her to be at a conference. Quite naturally

she was disappointed. Why, as my girl knows

me worth of Morning Myri dangles on

nightly, undresses hair —"

"Morning Myri goes under-
undresses morning shirt."

Discreet enough here.

Just a touch of Morning Myri

Makes you so nice to be kissed

anywhere, anywhere, anywhere, and in

anyone's chair of ob-cho-feminine values.

Mr. Apollon raised an index finger, a

conductor on his recumbent and brought it

down to the last syllable of "anywhere."

"Thank you," he said, nodding in dis-
claim.

"Where? Where? Where?" echoed the voice

only into the distance like bells at evening

peeling.

"It is really amazing," said Mr. Luger,

maintaining unceasingly and addressing

Schurman, "how often we find one be

on ourselves Sebastian," he continued, but

to Mr. Apollon now, "was not disabused

because his former's physical appearance

tell short of that perfection which admi-
ration," he passed, and smiling apologeti-

cally, "acknowledging he had had to be

believe was the accepted norm, but because

he realized that he found this position

important."

Sebastian, who had not analyzed his ex-
istence as objectively as his. Luger, wondered

if, by any chance, Mr. Luger was right.

Mr. Apollon gave a depressing laugh.

"You really mustn't believe my profession,

Luger," he said seriously. "My going Seba-

stian high standards."

"But," exclaimed Mr. Luger for once,

apparently, at a loss for words.

Sebastian thought he had, perhaps seen

the approaching water before, but where?

The question was unimportant, again. He

accepted a married.

"Commercial television, Sir," the waiter

prompted.

"Of course," nodded Sebastian.

"Ah!" beamed Mr. Apollon, taring his

married apologetically. "It must be history's

the traditional gas in today's time."

"When it comes to gas," advised as

several masculine voice, "go for Martin's. The

best people do."

"Served," continued Mr. Apollon, "by

one out of the top hostesses."

"Excuse me," interrupted Mr. Luger who,

Sebastian noticed, was already drinking

his second martini, "but would I be correct

in assuming that side out of the menu

none out of every two?"

A sudden gust of wind ruffled the tail

feathers of the paper-wrapped ones, stirred

the plastic leaves on the cardboard branches,

swayed the artificial grass and of Mr. Apol-

lus, as the waiter, then was now so sign.

Sebastian scratched his head in bewilder-

ment with the hand that, seconds before

had been holding a glass. He was but some-

what the inside of his lips releasing the

martini, or the illusion of the martini he

had been drinking.

"And good maddness to had maddness!" Mr.

Luger called out rapidly. "None out of ten

out of ten!" he repeated. "Ten out of ten!"

had known better than to try that old gag

on me, of all people!"

"None out of ten," repeated a bearded

Sebastian. Then "None out of every one.

Yes I suppose there is a difference."

"Yes, I suppose it is that all!"

"Apollon," murmured Sebastian, "you

weren't doing too badly for someone who

supposedly doesn't approve of Martin's gas."

"Whatever gave you that idea?" asked Mr.

Luger. "It is perfectly good gas. Why, I've

made a battle — since it is a while."

added hastily. "It is not the gas to which I

object, only the manner Apollon gives to

trick people into buying it."

Sebastian digested the information. He

wished he had drunk another martini be-

fore Mr. Apollon and the waiter disappear-

ed.

"You think you're very clever, don't you?"

Amanda began, addressing Mr. Luger.

"Yes," replied Mr. Luger with complex

curiosity. He changed the conversation.

"You didn't mean much," he said to Seba-

stian. "Only seven."

"Disser!" Sebastian exclaimed reproach-

fully, realizing how long it was since he'd

been laughing.

"If you will excuse me, my ladies

please," Mr. Luger said.

apologetically. "Good evening, he had to

find these girls. And with a smile to Seba-

stian and a half-bow to Amanda he faded

into the darkness.

Daylight did not hide any dark and

shadowy things. The night, the night, the

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AUSTRALIA**



... really, I am disappointed!



"You," the Metropolitan Expert agreed.

"Take more!"

"That's right, following the flow pattern, their good, but don't tell me you pulled past those famous, much-worshipped instant desserts!"

"These past buns, much-worshipped instant desserts?" Sebastian shouted. "All I want is sugar!"

"Oh, you are still a long way from the sugar! The sugar's right at the other end of the shop." The Metropolitan Expert replied. "You'll really have to look to beat the sugar!" He took Sebastian's arm. "It's all quite simple," he said. "Now, notice as you were thinking that you and sugar went together like butter, notice me if I'm wrong," he asked harshly. "Has sugar and eggs?"

"Sebastian agreed. "But my dear fellow, that's precisely the reason why you put them at opposite ends of the shop! If you wanted to buy buns and eggs and they were on adjacent counters, why — you'd be straight in, sugar out. And that would be that. But our way — you buy one and then you've got to go looking for the other. And Heaven only knows what you'll pick up in between!"

"You seem to have got things down to a fine art," Sebastian remarked gratefully. "But a fine art," the Metropolitan Expert replied.

"The fine art, believe me, is contained exactly, inside the art of selling all other arts into one insignificant," he purred. "Now, suppose I wanted to push my bun on you?"

"You'd drop the price," Sebastian fearfully replied.

"Precisely! But —" The Metropolitan Expert wagged a warning index finger. "That isn't all, dear me!"

"No?" queried Sebastian.

"No," The Metropolitan Expert answered sternly. "To drop the price of bacon — and increase the price of eggs."

"So that those on the cashboards never profit on the swing?"

"Precisely! But —" the Metropolitan Expert continued steadily. "Soft sell. And it stays weak."

"But with me it doesn't," Sebastian replied. "The only thing you can tell me at the moment is two pounds of sugar!"

"What about some butter?" the Metropolitan Expert suggested. "After all, who ever heard of one without butter? Arrrrrrrr! Gooooo! Gooooo! Assured here comes that milk on the tongue! Chocolate fingers — oh, satisfying croissants! Oh, and this mouth! Oh, oh! Bake with just a hint of lemon? Or —"

"Repeat," Sebastian replied nervously. "Just plain, common-sense garden, bad for the brain, buttering eggs?"

"And every shall!" continued the Metropolitan Expert, "packed full! Did you know that half-pint shelves are bad for business? Customers won't buy from half-pint shelves. It makes them think, subconsciously, that they're depending others. Give them a gulf complex!"

"Isn't that the sugar down there?" Sebastian asked.

"Oh, name," the Metropolitan Expert answered. "No sufficient, no representative variety of its name really say anything useful. Now look at that milk," he continued, pointing towards the Power Foods display. "We're not selling milk. We're selling the milk —"

"Then how about forgetting I want to buy sugar and selling me its sweetness?" Sebastian asked rudely.

"It's also behind the food, that's important," The Metropolitan Expert answered. As glasses waved them carefully with his handkerchief, floundered up to the distant fluorescent light. Harried. Wiped them a

second time and replaced them. "A woman's purchasing habits," he said suddenly, "are closely linked to her emotional appeal. She doesn't want for satisfaction of this probability, but since it did not appear to be forthcoming, "Why are you telling me all this?" he asked at last.

"Who?" The Metropolitan Expert laughed dauntlessly. "Why am I telling you all this because, my dear fellow, I happen to be dressed in the blue and it's a circumstance, a figure of my imagination!"

"On the contrary," Sebastian replied with what he considered to be a crushing rejoinder. "I'm a who am dressing. And by you who are the dress, the figure of my imagination?"

Sebastian went a two pound packet of sugar which was suddenly within arm's reach, placed it beside the tea in his otherwise empty pocket and walked towards the cash desk where the cashier, a muscular gnomish, possibly never-forgotten name the keys. The bell on the cash register rang and became the bell on the ledger and Sebastian closed his eyes. He was dead, but his body lay with the back of his hands and looked round.

Amenda, her body glowing from shower and Turkish towel, her finger and toe nails freshly produced, her hair of six previously severely combed, by freshly produced into the shower into the bathroom. She stared at Sebastian. "You look awful," she said.

"My kidneys are normal, anyhow," Sebastian replied, saying the first thing that came into his head and at yet unconsciously unable to gauge his feelings.

"Your back ache?" Amenda queried then. "Oh, yes. Back-ache! I've been telling to our Metropolitan Expert. The looked older at Sebastian. "Really awful," she repeated. "How do you feel now?"

Sebastian shook his head.

"Terrible!"

Sebastian shook his head a second time.

"Disgusting!"

Sebastian shook his head a third time.

"I will think you'd better see a doctor."

"I don't need a doctor!" Sebastian protested. "Or do I?" he wondered. He crouched himself into a sitting position on the edge of the bed. Combed his fingers through his hair. Shook his head. Flashed. Fanned his tongue around the inside of his teeth. And howl. Shook his head again. "Right!" he said. "I always feel bloody first thing in the morning!"

"There you are then!" Amenda exclaimed. "Isn't that just what I've been saying?"

"I suppose a few vitamins will help," Sebastian said. "I must admit I do feel a little — well, as if a course of vitamins might help," he concluded heavily.

Amenda sighed with exasperation. "Then we'll go to the doctor's immediately after breakfast," she decided.

"Breakfast?" repeated Sebastian.

"Yes. Breakfast. B-R-A-K-F-A-S-T," Amenda spelt out.

"And if your friend Lopez hasn't been seen a many-pounds last night we wouldn't have missed dinner. So, please, don't ask him round until we're ready!"

Despite his recent experience which Sebastian thought should have accustomed him to sleep and physical change he was unable to control his surprise at the morning room in which Amenda and he had breakfasted changed, in the blink of an eye into what appeared to be a doctor's waiting room. Could only have been a doctor's waiting room judging by the hand which he found himself string. The room was equipped, all in various stages of decay which lay upon the table and the nearest men, women and children, mostly in decay, who sat around the perimeter of

the room.

The door opened and Sebastian realized that the room was not the one he had studied while was none other than Amenda's.

Name Amenda stood to one side as the Doctor entered. She closed the door and to gather they walked to the first patient.

"Hem," and the Doctor thoughtfully looking the unhappy patient up and down. "Hem. The end in your stomach would have a hole in a suspect." He tapped his right ear with his stethoscope. "Give him a glass of beer, please," he ordered.

Name Amenda sat down, from the confines of her leg the large pill that Sebastian had given her. The advanced towards him clanking it as a major forward clanked the ball before scoring.

"Bleat!" exclaimed Sebastian, about to point out that the Doctor had meant the pill for the first patient and not for him, when any further protest was silenced at Name Amenda barked the pill into his mouth. Sebastian withdrew nervously.

"Children," and the Doctor, smiling malevolently at a little girl clutching her mother's hand, "need a gentle cough syrup. Henry would not strongly suggest."

Name Amenda produced a bottle and spoon and beyond this prescribed draught between Sebastian's clenched teeth.

"Disordered stomach?" queried the Doctor of his next patient. "Can't bear food? What you need is —"

And Sebastian watched in horror as Name Amenda extracted a specimen from a large bottle into a measuring glass.

"You're making a mistake," he shouted. "The rest —" He spluttered violently as Name Amenda poured the contents of the measuring glass down his throat.

"The Doctor began to walk past the waiting patients, and Sebastian, between each diagnosis. "Aching feet! Ache! Alopecia! And that's all the 'AV' murmured the Doctor happily. "Red-wetting! Blizzards!"

And with each diagnosis Sebastian was given either a pill, a constant drip, or some other with which he could manage.

The Doctor passed. He coughed blankly at his next patient. "Blizzards!" he murmured automatically.

"Not," screamed Sebastian, only to find that, despite his violent resistance his throat was cut, somehow here removed and that Name Amenda had taken an unforgivable liberty and his personal, nursing machine he removed his trousers, in his hands and rags he found the truth. "You're not a doctor!"

"Oh, come! I'm not," agreed the Doctor sympathetically. "And I don't remember ever saying I was. But if you want to answer that my woman who wears a white coat is an S.N.N. and that any man who carries a stethoscope is a registered M.D., the Doctor shrugged his shoulders. "Well, that's your affair isn't it?"

"Impertinent!" shouted Sebastian.

"Oh, give him one of those special pink pills," the Doctor ordered.

Sebastian sat; himself neither yet another pill which was that he'd be managed to sit at last.

"Period, please," replied Name Amenda. "That never ended, Sebastian. You'll enjoy those three extra days every month."

The Doctor, Name Amenda and the waiting patients burst into laughter and then, babbled the last of the day.

Sebastian was alone in the room.

"Speaking personally," said Mr. Lopez. "I think you deserved everything you got." He poured. "I suppose a few vitamins, pills wouldn't hurt now?" he quoted in disgust. "Why, you poor, ignorant —" He threw up his hands in disgust. "Oh, what's the use

of talking!"

Sebastian hung his head in shame. "Amenda —" he began to justify himself.

"Friedrich got food and proper treatment of Mr. Lopes. 'Sobered' the girl. I wish I had her on my side," he added. "Thank you. I know you're going to say she took you off guard, suggesting you might be a doctor. Perhaps that taught you that you can't afford to be off-guard."

"Yes," said Amenda.

"Not far as that. Never," continued Mr. Lopes. "Still, if you've learnt your lesson?"

Sebastian nodded his head.

"I only hope," Mr. Lopes sighed. "And there's still the dragon —" he sighed again.

Sebastian gathered from his use of water that not only did he, Mr. Lopes, doubt that he, Sebastian, had learnt his lesson, but also that he, Mr. Lopes, doubted that he, Sebastian, would manage the dragon, if he was about to restrain Mr. Lopes on the point where he noticed that Mr. Lopes, like his sigh had faded into nothingness.

Amenda, no longer *Nurse Amenda* but only Amenda the gambler, entered the now empty waiting room. "We've got to hurry," she said. "That is, if you still want to reach the Castle!"

Schastan jammed his bowler hat firmly on his head, picked up his briefcase, his umbrella, his pick-pocket grin. "All right, I'm ready," he replied firmly. "Let's go!" "But I know this very well," he said, considerably looking at the most cheerless-faced fields separating the hedgerows. And then "It's like an illustration from Alice in Wonderland!"

"Through the Looking Glass," Amenda countered. "And we've got to run now!"

Setting his lined Amenda began to run, puffing Sebastian along with her. And, as they ran the countryside which had been empty of people, suddenly filled with men, women and children and all running, running, running.

"Faster!" Amenda cried.

Schastan, clenching his teeth, umbrella, briefcase and parcel ran as fast as he could.

"Faster!" Amenda cried, a wild hair-shirted shriek with speed. "Faster! You must keep up with the Jester!"

"I must keep up with the Jester! I must keep up with the Jester!" Sebastian repeated over and over again. "I must keep up with the Jester!" He clapped his hands fast.

"No time to pick it up! You must keep up with the Jester!"

Sebastian realized that everyone, young and old alike were all shouting the same words. "We must keep up with the Jester! We must keep up with the Jester!" "I must keep up with the Jester!" Sebastian repeated. "I must keep up with the Jester!" He added wildly, "WITTY when I look up with the Jester!" He stopped abruptly, in surprise that Amenda, who was still holding his hand, fell flat on her face and as he lay, sprawling on the grass, Sebastian reflected that he had quite the most horrible notion he had seen for a considerable time.

Sebastian realized that Amenda and he were alone in the middle of the field and that of the thousands who had been running alongside him, there was now no sign. He heard the refrain: "We must keep up with the Jester! We must keep up with the Jester!" drove further into the distance. Schastan sat down, glancing over his shoulder as he did so and, far away he could vaguely discern the frantic runners. But they were behind him and hiding further behind with every passing second. The border had been his. He had crossed earlier flustered greatly through the air towards him and dropped deliberately at his feet.

Amenda, wearing tears of rage, brushed the grass from her body. "You're clever,

damn you!" she sobbed. "But just you wait —"

Schastan tapped her forehead with his umbrella, across that portion of her hair which he had so recently admired. "What now?" he asked. "The dragon! Please let it be the dragon, Amenda. That's your last line of defence, isn't it?"

"No, it's not our last line of defence. But if that's the way you want it you can have the dragon!" she panted. "Or rather, the dragon can have you!"

Temper! Temper! cried Sebastian.

It was definitely dragon country, he thought. Grey clouds hung over a grey sky. The last pasture of the Aber-Through-the-Looking-Glass meadows had become this earth, wet, isolated, and bare, ended rock. It was damp and a thin mist reared through the deadlands. Sebastian shivered. Even Amenda, he noticed, seemed oppressed. Sebastian, though, his umbrella jostled to reassure himself and in mental battle caught a yellowed fungus which burst with a heavy "pop", like a mine falling into thick mud, covering them both with its evil, swelling spores. He began to whistle what he hoped was his old delirious song, only to find, on listening to himself, that his pained voice was rendering Gheyle's *Marche Funèbre*.

And then — out of a corner of his eye he caught sight of the dragon. That it was a dragon, that he noticed, before he had a chance to turn his head.



Amenda laughed wildly.

And again. And again. The dragon appeared upon his peripheral vision and thus was not. A shocking dragon to be seen only by the narrow slits of a crowd.

Sebastian smiled to himself in realization, dazed. "Amenda," he said, "I'm very old, but I've just had an urge for some delicious Sordide Craps. I don't suppose we could buy a packet anywhere round here?"

Sebastian noticed that Amenda sighed with relief.

"Sordide Craps! Sordide Craps! Sordide Craps! Sordide Craps!"

The slightest, did in an unbelievable manner that emphasized her figure, a tap of Sordide Craps responded against her skull by a cord around her neck, thrust over Sebastian.

"Sordide Craps! Two packets, Sir?" she asked.

"Dear me, no!" Sebastian said. "I never touch them. But I'd like a double whisky —" There was a burst of brilliant laughter. "And by George, that's just what you shall have!"

Sebastian was reminded of their first meeting as Mr. Lopes answered the golden cup from his lips and pressed two large measures of whisky into Sebastian's hands. Conjured from this air, as before, both from an alchemist's vision followed.

"Good!" said Mr. Lopes, holding his glass at arm's length towards Sebastian. "You

know, for one small moment I almost thought you were going to fall for that splendid similarity." A sophisticated smile. "Should" be replied. Their glasses touched —

Sir Peter de Sales, his helmet plumed streaming in the wind charged towards him. He stood in his stirrups, leveled his lance, and shouted his war cry: "Repetition brings results!"

In the of battle on either side of Sir Peter stretching as far as the eye could see, other knights, suddenly assembled, reared in their saddles, leveled their lances and shouted their war cry: "Repetition brings results!"

Repetition, they shouted again, "brings results!"

The ground trembled beneath the thundering hooves of the battle charges.

Repetition, screamed Sir Peter, "brings results!"

"Repetition," echoed his nearest knights, "brings results!"

"Repetition," said Kingner, wrapping his arm round affectionately around Sebastian, "brings results!"

"Repetition," said Large Economy, "brings results!"

Glance, Jumbo, Magnus and Mighty, the vaqueros of a host of Words and Phrases ran towards Sebastian. They jumped at him from newspapers and magazines. "Repetition brings results!" Spring at him, from posters and handbills. "Repetition brings results!" Shattered sounds him through lightning bolts. "Repetition brings results!" Change of him from radio screens and television screens. "Repetition brings results!" Fill in him from every newspaper in the sky. "Repetition brings results!"

And still Sebastian could see the ever narrowing lanes of Sir Peter and his armored knights.

"Dear me," said the Metropolitan Expert, "dear me! It's quite unusual. Now that's very depressing. Very depressing to say the least. Still — Repetition brings results!" The Metropolitan Expert removed his glasses. Wiped them carefully with his handkerchief. Held them up to the light. Scrubbed. Wiped them at once up and down and replaced them. "Repetition," he stated dogmatically, "brings results!"

Sir Peter and his charging knights bore down upon Sebastian. "Repetition brings results!"

The Words and Phrases stood at his head. "Repetition brings results!"

The Metropolitan Expert answered "Repetition brings results!" with the conclusion of a priest intoning mass and heard a heavy brother behind open of "Psychopathia Sexualis" and "The Principles of Freud's analysis" followed. Then, in quick succession came the collected works of Jung and Adler. Sebastian noted under the sheer weight of the psychiatric knowledge. And still the Metropolitan Expert had ammunition to spare. Pavlov's "Conditioned Reflexes", Reich's "Character Analysis", "Manichaeism in Modern Man", —

"Dear me, you're not looking your best," the Doctor commented. "If you ever wake up looking fresh!" he asked compassionately. "Here, have a suppository —"

"Rue!" ordered Amenda. "You must keep up with the Jester! You must keep up with the Jester!" Sebastian repeated. "You must keep up with the Jester!"

And all the while the dragon, the dragon that could only be seen for a fraction of a second shifted barely within reach —

Mr. Lopes and Sebastian sat on a grassy bank overlooking the road which led to the Castle gateway.

"This," said Mr. Lopes respectfully, "is where I leave you. All you have to do is to clean your Verbe and return with her to

The Unholy Grail

the outside world. They can do nothing to stop you. They have tried, and failed. They have lost. You have won. You have seen through their swamps. For Femi de Soto will no longer send you into impotent hell.

Sebastian felt himself glow with pride. "— and you have heard," continued Mr. Logo, "to analyze, and hence confound the Words and Phrases — and they were your most dangerous lie."

Sebastian felt the glow of pride effuse his whole body.

"You have —"
"I too must congratulate your young progress," interrupted Mr. Apollo with the sincerity of a crocodile weeping for the untimely demise of the theater on which it had just stepped.

"Oh! Yes!" said Mr. Logo, his tone of voice indicating his incredulous feelings. Then, to Sebastian, "You and collect your Verity, my boy. Apollo here won't want to keep you waiting."

Sebastian rose to his feet. He passed his towel on his head, picked up his briefcase, his umbrella and his pistol.

"Where's the parrot?" Mr. Apollo asked loudly.

"The Holy —" Sebastian cut himself short. What was in his parrot, he wondered. He could feel the wringing and opening the box. Now, no longer a silver chalice intricately carved, the grail was only a caribbean bowl speckled with a metallic paint and the inlaid precious jewels were merely pieces of colored glass. For a long time Sebastian returned silent, looking at the tawdry cash penny in his hands.

"Say what you like about me," Mr. Apollo remarked to his Logo. "He was far happier with his illusions." Then, to Sebastian, who was about to throw the grail away: "Finesse! If you don't want it —"

"Of course," replied Sebastian and headed Mr. Apollo to the grail.

"Suppose?" cried Mr. Apollo, holding the grail at arm's length. "Quite superb!"

The grail? quipped Sebastian loudly.

"Oh, no," Mr. Apollo replied in shocked tones. "Certainly not the grail," empathizing the negative particle.

"Then what?"

Mr. Apollo raised his eyebrows. "Why, the advertising of course. The advertisement that induced you to buy it. What else?" He carefully scribbled the card. "Since we're both going to my Carri," he said, "I may as well show you the way."

Mr. Apollo led Sebastian across the lowest threshold under the portico and across a third courtyard. Sebastian looked about him curiously. In one corner of the courtyard was an open-air cafe, gay with polished wrought-iron furniture and easily fading, never-colored sun shades.

"You'd care for a cup of coffee, of course,"

stated Mr. Apollo, guiding Sebastian towards the nearest table. "You'll soon," he continued confidently, "that I don't ask. Would you like a cup of coffee?"

"You queried Sebastian, startled with few directions.

"No," replied Mr. Apollo. "If I were to ask: Would you like a cup of coffee you could answer Yes or No. Either answer is equally probable. In fact —" and Mr. Apollo had laughed. "— you answer would be done almost solely by whether you actually wanted a cup of coffee or not. Which would be absurd."

"Why?" Sebastian asked.

"Because the manner of answering is asking," said Mr. Apollo, slowly, reflectively, "as if, in asking, you are asked."

"What would be the result if people were allowed to buy only what they needed?"

"You tell me," suggested Sebastian, making the mental reservation that nothing, but nothing would induce him to drink a cup of coffee at that particular moment.

Thus, Sebastian chose. While fortune was close down, Sebastian would drop. Sebastian would be damned. The national economy would suffer. His Apollo passed as if passing in the wheels of industry, grided to a discordant song.

"There is only one sure prevention," Sebastian said. "The Solomon's project, in this case, you must not be allowed to say. Or, to reflect, the Solomon must make it easier for the prospect to say. Yes. And it's so simple by placing the question correctly. You would like a cup of coffee, wouldn't you? This cup is convenient, isn't it? We can spare the time, can't we? The creation of the alternative attitude." Mr. Apollo continued earnestly, enthusiastically, "in the basis of understanding."

"But I don't want a cup of coffee," said Sebastian, finally, recognizing the warning in Amanda's not another of his diagnoses.

"Two questions. And drugs," Mr. Apollo ordered.

"Out capsules," Sebastian asserted. "To add kindly, 'will have a three price' Amanda noted their respective orders, turned and Sebastian found himself again receiving her obvious feminine charm and regretting her lack of often set in obvious feminine confusion. He sighed. Realized his mental infidelity towards his fiancée, and sighed again.

Mr. Apollo smiled.

Returned Amanda.

Mr. Apollo bridged himself liberally to Sebastian. Better Amanda and stirred his coffee thoughtfully. "Hurry, you cannot wait. What you're going to do now?" he asked finally.

"Coffee, Verity," Sebastian said.

"And after that?"

"Remain with her to the outside world," Sebastian replied, unconsciously quoting Mr. Logo's earlier remark.

Mr. Apollo advanced his emerald finger and he tipped his coffee. He seemed interested in thoughts. "My dear Sebastian, your victories in the form — What were they? A preliminary skirmish only. And if you return you're committed to the fight."

Sebastian nervously acknowledged the truth of this observation.

Mr. Apollo took another mouthful of coffee. "An unpleasant prospect. And such an unnecessary one, more especially since the alternative is so attractive."

Sebastian looked for Mr. Apollo to continue.

"You could always join me. Now I'd we have the makings of a first-rate copy writer."

Sebastian stared at Mr. Apollo in amazement.

"There's no need to look over my shoulder," Mr. Apollo observed. "Many of my best creative staff joined me after a trip through the desert — Not that they didn't want," he continued thoughtfully, "it was the power of the continuing battle that decided them."

Sebastian wondered if he really did have the makings of a first-rate copywriter.

"For there's no need to decide anything immediately. Talk it over with Verity."

"Yes," Sebastian agreed. "Yes, I will."

Mr. Apollo glanced at his diamond-encrusted wrist watch. "She'll be in church at the moment," he said.

"Church?" declared Sebastian.

"Well, chapel really," replied Mr. Apollo, raising Sebastian's arm and leading him across the courtyard. "We have a chapel on the Gothic paragon Internationalism, of course." He giggled. "So inconceivable that I'm not sure if we believe in anything. But I like to feel that I have the blessings of Mother Church."

Sebastian heard the distant chime, soft, spring, and saw a tremulous looking of von Klemm and von Klemm, and von Klemm and von Klemm as they walked along the corridor.

Inside the chapel, a dim (interdimensional) hallway and lofty stained-glass windows illuminated by variegated neon. Sebastian admired a pink, blue, and golden Madonna and child, splendidly Noddy like in the apex. In the center, closer center in the apex, visible much further was the elegant, COURTNEY OF BRISTOL FOOD INC., LTD., or CH THE BEST FOOD FOR YOUR BABY.

Sebastian glanced around the chapel. Verity, an immaculate Verity, who felt wanted. And a possible answer. Products designed to enhance a woman's femininity, called in greeting, her Fish Flavored fish opening to reveal teeth glimmered by white post (given during previous) against lackluster.

Sebastian felt his blood quiver.

Above Verity, he saw a priest. Mr. Logo, slightly obscured in a white robe and purple gown, raised against a white background.

Sebastian looked around again, at the overlarge, over decorated crucifix across whose cross, instead of the more usual INRI, were the words: COGNITION OF METAL FOUNDERS AND ALLIED TRADES. Behind the crucifix, rising on the shimmering multi-colored arch, was a donated by SYNTHETIC FIREWORKS — was a Grail. Was the Grail. The priest.

Sebastian stepped towards Verity. As he approached her the hymn faded and the organ faded. It was a series of disjointed notes. The incumbent bowed towards the altar and walked slowly to the pulpit. He dimmed the music and stood for a moment, his head bowed as above pulpit.

Sebastian looked Verity and as he did so noticed the Grail burst into brilliant light, brilliant, shimmering light. Like a firework the Grail burst and the light died into the multicolored anarchy that he had used it had become.

The incumbent raised his head and looked at his expectant flock. "My sermon today is taken from the gospel according to St. John, chapter 1, verse 1: 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was a life —'"

Sebastian noticed that Mr. Apollo was standing behind him. "Sebastian," Mr. Apollo whispered, "you can see in the preacher's opening words, 'the bigger the lie, the more people will believe it.' Mr. Apollo giggled.

And from beyond the chapel, from a great distance away, Sebastian heard a welcome burst of heretical laughter.

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MARK SHARP

The Delightful Wit of Sir Alec Dwyer



While most Australians greeted the news of Prince Charles' forthcoming transference to Timberrug with passionate excitement, one, Sir Alexander Dwyer, expressed an urge to "jump over the moon".

He didn't, unfortunately, deciding instead to celebrate with a sherry party for all Geelong G.O.s.

He also had previously made much of his eldest son's reaction to Australia House's "modern art" mural, which he referred to be removed and replaced with a typical "Camberley scene".

Alexis G.O. summarises the past of this burgh burgh and concludes that, taken all for all, we shall not look upon Sir like again. Thank God.

Alec Dwyer has been described as one of the few people in Australia who can boast among his private possessions but one dog park and chapel. This is symptomatic of the man—he is rather more distinguished for what he has than what he is.

Number One amongst Sir Alec's past possessions is a particularly fine progeny. His father was Sir John Dwyer, K.C.M.G., Member for Burwood in the South Australian House of Representatives, later premier and a father of distinction.

If Sir Alec tends to the womanish in his manners it would not surprise the amateur psychologist to learn that he lost his father at the age of 5 and then lived the major part of his formative years under the influence of his mother, one of the most active women in the Anglican diocese of Adelaide. When she died, he built a chapel around her memory (and body)—"I built a chapel at Arkley Park as a memory of my mother, who was a beautiful spiritual and good woman. I have many memories in people should be living ones."

When young Alec came of school age, apparently nothing Adelaide could offer was good enough, even St. Peter's, where his father had gone. So off he went to Geelong Grammar and later to Oxford at Rosemead (the word means "brakes knocked") but, alas,

Mr. has never been out of there).

After taking his D.P.Sc. and Petrie (Dun), he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple London in 1934. The next year he returned home and was called to the South Australian Bar a week after his father and uncle had founded G. & J. Dwyer for a long time perhaps the leading legal firm in Adelaide. Yet within a year he had thrown up the law and bought a 200-acre estate in the Adelaide hills at Arkley Park. Here he practised professional farming. He told the "Herald" in 1946—"I love the country and farming. I go in for fast lamb breeding. I used to have a jersey stud, too, but I sold that when I came into politics."

Alec Dwyer once told about Sir John Dwyer: "Australian as he was he appeared and character skills were thoroughly and typically English. . . . He was a conservative to the core, though not reactionary, and was guaranteed by reserve and tradition from playing a far greater part, than he did in South Australian and Federal Politics." Already in 1936 the young Dwyer was beginning to show the indolence and Anglophobia he had inherited from his father.

In 1940 he joined the A.I.F. as a gunner and, after the fall of Singapore spent 30 years in Chang, an experience which had a profound effect on his later administration of the Immigration Portfolio. "I've not even Chang could obstruct his carefully learned consciousness of time. Robert Brad don in 'The Naked Island' writes:

"Oxford educated, worldly and gifted, Alec found the social restrictions imposed by his rank of 'gunner' irritating and unpalatable. He therefore modified his processes of war life carefully upon the principle of knowing 'people in high places and making sure that they did what he wanted them to do.'"

After the war he returned to Arkley Park and in 1947 chose his seatmate. His chance, May Goss, was not bad at least socially. She was the only daughter of the late Sir

SIR ALEC ON THE ARTS

In October, 1963, Peter Coleman interviewed Sir Alec Dwyer and discovered the width of his cultural appreciation which has only now been revealed in his decision on the Adelaide House sculpture —

Are you very interested in the theme as chosen? Not in cinema I like Shakespeare and Snow.

Contemporary? Noel Coward.

You have a reputation as an aesthete. What type of painting do you prefer? My taste is rather conservative. I like the Renaissance masters and the Italian Schools.

Australian painters? I think too little at the best period painter in Australia. I have two of his, of my wife, one of me, and three drawings of my children. Some of my broccos are landscapes by Heyson, Strehler, Will Auston. But I don't care for Nolan or Drysdale (whom I work in school with).

”

James Gosse (Aldridge, *Stonewall*) Chaplain of Lady Joanna Gosse, a Barr Smith (Aldridge, *Isis*), which somehow better connected the already well-connected Mr. Downer to those much-sought-after "people in high places."

At Sir Alec is a seat he has every good reason to be.

Three years later (aged 48 and beginning to show the maturity of his beloved *Stonewall* went) Alec decided to seek promotion for the blue-ribbon SA Liberal seat of Angus. Since he had shown up to this time with a profane interest in politics, his plans were not well received in political circles and Archie Cameron, the intrigues of the Liberal and Country League around him he didn't have a ghost of a chance of becoming. But he got it anyway.

Alec spent all his years in Parliament working *Stonewall* after the External Affairs portfolio. His maiden speech (March 21, 1951) was devoted to the threat of Japan in the post-war era—to hint the Japanese were unrelenting and would eventually "when they are in the ascendancy, with insatiable appetites." He proposed that the peace treaty be not signed unless there was a provision for "substantial education of the Japanese on a Christian foundation." Two years later he voted against the Government over the signing of the treaty.

Because this meant alienating with his own party, Alec spent the first five years of his Parliamentary life hiding his face. He served well the electorate which had several times and his father as well, with opinions on leaders and what and dried track.

“

The Prime Minister, of course, in spite of all his ministers being witty and urbane. Sir Alex must follow in his best try so far.

Stonewall: I have in my marriage a man and his wife who have produced 13 children in 24 years of pleasant married life. [Laughter] As a reward for such a manifestation of good citizenship, would the Government consider awarding a pension to him to be awarded to members of 10 children and upwards in that Australia—and I hope members of this House—may be advised to emulate this worthy, patriotic and self-sufficient example.

Stonewall: Second Secretary Mr. Downer has a peculiarly fortunate family life, but the Minister for Primary Industries, Mr. W. McMahon, has revealed a bachelor. It follows, therefore, Mr. Downer, and in the fullness of time he shall have 13 children and then reasonably think he should be compensated for his good fortune, then surely Mr. McMahon ought to be compensated for his domestic loneliness. [Laughter]—May 2, 1954.

Stonewall: In the absence of Mr. Alex was only able to see three daughters and a son, Mr. McMahon, of course, is only now making a desperate bid to terminate his loneliness.]

”

In fact, it is not until September, 1955, that he made the Sydney Morning Herald aware, when he suddenly but the news as a relief came after outlining the Government his father in connection. Five days later he put forward his surprising suggestion that schoolchildren should be given five days a year and taken instead of a fortnight more and he was suggesting that Australia should attract more domestic tourism from Europe to its its recreational wealth. [Speaking later in the debate, Sir Alex, Lancelotti, Clyde Cameron, claimed the only time as the proposal was a loss on the average size of £15 a week could not afford domestic help.]

From this time on, Alex came keeps bubbling up with quaint suggestions on penetrating well-meaning Foreign Affairs questions. He gained a reputation as an independent backbencher.

In February, 1956, he participated in a kerfuffle when those backbenchers forced the Government to cancel its plan to push a bill right through Parliament in one day. The 1954 records his emotional fervor on that occasion.

"Mr. Downer thumped his fist on the bench."

Fortunately, Alec never forgets political complexity and was quick to leave that Press the next day again, making pretenses. Yet he emphasizes that this difference with the Government was a very dangerous one and confined to a matter of procedure.

Two years later, in March 1958 he was appointed Minister for Immigration. That was as close as Alex ever got to his cherished of External Affairs portfolio. His work could never that that position was alien to solely on merit, but we must.

It was known at the time that Sir Alex's safe representation in the Ministry for Philip McBride was about to retire, which made it possible for another South Australian to be recruited to steady that State's appearance. As usual, Members had chosen the wrong

position for his successor. How could Alex succumb his undeviating passion of Australia and his burgeoning Angliophilia with the proper administration of the Department of Immigration? The answer lies in an unlikely approach to the White Australia Policy in the famous White House case, the last to seek admission at the Bureau office, which ultimately made a bad of him.

Ernest, a lecturer at London University, was not allowed to take up his appointment to Adelaide University but ended closed racism. It was pointed that the dominating factor was that Ernerer had been a member of the Stern Gang, an Israeli secret organization whose secretariat British forces during the Palestine campaign were permitted.

Downer, in fact, claimed that it was Ernerer's former membership of the Stern Gang (a now British nationality which had provided his entry into Australia) but when the Prime Minister was asked what were the real reasons he could his membership of the gang. Not the first time that Mr. Alex has virtually made out of his ministers out to be a lot.

Perhaps the PM felt as heavily was owed to the once an independent backbencher. His dissatisfaction with the job Alex was doing was evident and was finally confirmed by their father and of the Great Men's Disapproval—the talk appears.

In Alex came Sir Robert knew exactly what was necessary to make his own mark of politics in London High Commission and a Kaighn, announced in December 1959.

And that is how Sir Alex returned at last to his beloved England—to finish upon the great and beautiful island among the wood and coppice. He has now even brought himself an English master and an English coach to end his days there. Fortunately since, some time ago he failed to convince Sir Thomas Playford from putting a freeway right through the middle of his home at Ashbury Park, despite his offer to join for a dinner.

Maybe exactly what Alex, despite his obvious intelligence and integrity, means has made for Alex exactly what he is today—

*a bumbling
dilettante and
an absurd
sycophant upon
the English
mobocracy*

NEIGHBOR IN THE
Fall in with the fall-out,
Make love to you last,
There's no future, no doubt
Relive get yours! a day!

—Dorothy Bredick

“

COLLECTED THOUGHTS OF SIR A. S. DOWNER

On England: "I think it's the most spiritual country in the world—just as it's the most political."

On his Angliophilia: "On this matter of my angliophilia, a terrible lot of nonsense has been written. Someone once wrote that I was such an old lover of England that I had cleared all the Australian dirt out of my land, at my home, Ashbury Park. In fact, from the house you look out over a rather hideous garden towards a range of hills covered by a forest of stringybarks, and in the middle distance several beautiful white gulls."

On the Church: "I believe that the two greatest callings a man can answer are politics and the Church. If you are not good enough for one, then the other."

On the dispute over running a freeway through his home, Ashbury Park: "Some of the personalities are appealing. They would shelter the whole concept of the freeway, have it, and convert a quiet valley in an elevated freeway. I feel that houses like mine belong just to much to me as to the nation."

On the Commonwealth: "In 100 years' time—who knows?—Australia may be the predominant partner in the British Commonwealth. I have unlimited faith in what this country can do."

On his politics: "I'm not as much a Conservative as a Tory, and Tories are often allergic."

On Spain: "Some of my family were and are keen on going and having but I am not at all of honey."

”

SNAPS FROM AN ALBUM



• Me on the bike. 21-60



• Our Gang (G. & S. Stroh, Roger, Todd, Luke and myself) at the Monrovia. • 1-61



This is the day I went to the Station to see about my new Dog Licence. The Sarge said it makes a good copy for when I saw how good I looked on the bike. 7-6-61



This is me looking good on a bike. Mr BIG DAY 1-9-62 What a day and so exciting



One day directing some young ladies to the People's Palace.



The next helping an old lady back onto the Straight and narrow.



or collecting rent for the orange.



I usually laugh at it, but when sergeants asked me to deliver East Dice, I think to myself that on one way home... but who am I to question a superior?



He told me to deal with these 'Paddy Brothers' who he said they don't like his mother, never mind him. The Sergeant says he does it for his kids... He has three but not laughing!



Chatting with the sergeant during the evening, the sergeant was talking to me about the 'Paddy Brothers' who he said they don't like his mother, never mind him. The Sergeant says he does it for his kids... He has three but not laughing!



That was the end of the night, but you should see the one that got away!!!

We always look forward to 'Communist Day' when we can talk, relax, and have some fun. I think that's the best part of the day. I think that's the best part of the day. I think that's the best part of the day.



On Dec. 1st, 1941, I was in the 'Paddy Brothers' who he said they don't like his mother, never mind him. The Sergeant says he does it for his kids... He has three but not laughing!



NOW An SARGE



A SMALL section of the enthusiastic OZ readers who gathered for the OZ Fan Meet and March on Friday, October 28, outside the Museum, Sydney. The demonstrators, wearing their "MIND DON'T GO COP" badges (still available from OZ at 1/- each) demanded that the F.S.I. stay on power (not details last time). Some violence and many contributory were perpetrated by the spontaneous demonstration of loyalty.

CLASSIFIEDS

You can't hide in a 'Jungle No. 1'. And your members' histories are all enough to tell your D.D. no one to have a job done complete with the 100 selections you want. Only 65/100 per night. No more needed. Instantly available for big sound. With a Hansen Products job done, outside leaves a term sentenced. Review now 65/100.

MICHAEL'S hand-painted ties and smocks. Contact OZ for all inquiries.

EVERY so often the editors of OZ lapse into a profound introspective depression. Such as when VOGUE reveals us in the guise of "Youthquakers" or the BULLETIN condenses that we are "witty . . . and competent".

To lesser men such praise would intoxicate; to us it stupefies. Doubts niggle. Perhaps we are becoming Establishment? HORROR. Then along comes October OZ to prove we are still on the outer. For example:

● We have just discovered Sydney's most unlikely but genuine Sacred Cow: the Underworld.

In the past, we have knocked religion and known we were doing something naughty. We have knocked the Monarchy, the F.S.I. and Bob. They are our stamping grounds.

Then we thought we would do something as the Underworld, to get us back in the good books of that other Sacred Cow, the Police (or are they now the same?).

Since publication of last month's Express but unknown 'Guide to the Underworld', OZ has been threatened by offended heads, would be anonymous tips ('they'll get you') and reported to the Attorney General by Eric Baume.

Meanwhile, a trace has been reached with the Underworld on the condition they can supply with an alternative Guide. We hope it will reach us in time for the New Year edition.

● Ah, a hint!

Dear Sir,

Referring to your most recent copy of OZ, I would like to congratulate you on its humour, most attractive being on the ball. I would like to suggest your reporter on crime is a little lacking on certain points.

Example 1. One of the characters connected with the Marston is not of Eastern descent.

Example 2. Number two in your Underworld Top 20 has never at any time been proven to have left any trace of flagging (informing). Can you back up your claims?

Yours in Good Humour,

A.P.

To A.P.s. You are right in both instances. Marston is not Chinese but is probably (as our crime correspondent puts it) "the offspring of a god-doler paddler". And, rest assured, Lennie is not an informer.

● Even that veteran bandwagoner Eric Baume felt he should get in on the act.

His answer was to send about as real as a newspaper a transcript.

Eric replies:

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your note of November 5. Our company policy does not permit the printing of transcripts and in any case there is no charge.

In a word I said that I regarded some of the material in your latest issue as offensive and also I objected personally to the type of reference to a very old friend of mine, Mr Joe T.

Yours faithfully,

Eric Baume
(Eric Baume)

● Last OZ landed a punt at the theatre of New York. We shall not give the name or content on its enormous success. The last of the package was a 1000 letter from Eric.

● We rediscovered good, old-fashioned Unofficial Censorship and released what it does to your finances.

Some people don't like our Taste of Edinburgh sauce. Unfortunately, two of the people who didn't like it were our Sydney and Melbourne distributors.

Of course, legally there was no worry not even in Victoria, where everyone was aware that they could handle it without any unexpected Vice Squad revving. But TASTE at another point and it was alleged businessmen that left us with about 10,000 files which nobody could reach.

That other bandwagoner, Andrea, means her opportunity to deliver one of her ~~most~~ (crises) had a go at it for the cover.



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ANDREA: With all due respects to these fellows I admire enormously — the producers of QZ, clever people — I think that this number, the October, 1988, number — of two shillings — that this cover picture of the Duke, His Royal Highness, the Queen's husband — I think that that is right out of perspective and right out of Court I don't go far at, I will never go far at, and I don't believe that our Royal family should be subjected to it. I believe that these young people should be called to order for that front page.

PEARCE: Yes, you'd like to see something a little more adult than that, wouldn't you?

ANDREA: But this is levity, jokes.

PEARCE: That's right. You and I agree on this one, that the inventor of the toilet roll was never a very funny man.

ANDREA: Not at all. And another thing I would say is that whilst I enjoyed this QZ very, very much, I think that they rubbish themselves when they decided to do this sort of joke.

PEARCE: Still I was about to say it will probably sell a lot of copies of QZ but this is hardly the point, is it?

How old Andrea goes on to hint that she's a Squirt in the last hope that some one will mistake her for a Lorna Savage, is that she is as naive as a baby's stool?

Never and to avoid the irritating levity about herself, she has the hole to label as a Lorna joke something which goes purely to hell.

Yes. Now show us with that Underworld Top Twenty last month. My answer and I agree that the lot contains nothing but celebrities, has-beens, uppers, and time-funks, about homes and managers for chicks who look their better. No doubt just long your lot — the top entry I've never heard of. No 3 — Peter — is a few weeks off being a knave. The car has jinned to him. Then you see a series of pigs and disposers whose job seems to have is they run games, half of which have failed anyway. Big deal! Then follows a group of entries that your editor has probably hoisted from a Broom-Kennedy short story. No 18 — Mothered G — was spending looking in the bushes at Marnie from last Saturday. No 19 — the Whistler — has gone so bad he has to take an evening music lesson up the river from a public phone. He can be seen any night of the week appearing in TV's greatest commercial for a quilt. And you read up your long list of rubbish with two old terms who should be for the Best War veterans.

What about Dr. Neil Bennett Durbin — how many number changes has he been? Last — 57 years old — with a pack of 18 quavers. (Remember the second stage of a Mickey private hotel in months ago.) The Public Service and such men — Baver and George Big John — a shoplifter who home on his wife, found and robbers not you want that, pulled out of Friends with a starer weighing 10 lbs.

And what about pigs "back" on Underworld activities. Here's some true ones. Tarts all over the Kitz and Mercedes parked here during rain. She looks a week. Fat is being given to the grounds of a Green with departure. And one of the few

comics in the world showing happy scenes is about a band in Brazil.

So much for your article I will now write what you spent many columns more than some what. Why don't you still Sydney before, look you and your snigger are history. If you write what really happened in the past you'll be immortal.

"THE TOP"
(name supplied)

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